

CHRISTMAS-TIDE

"I Bring You Good Tidings of Great Joy."

Night had descended over the mountain and valleys of Judea, and the shepherds were watching their flocks near the City of Bethlehem, when the shining form of a Heavenly messenger stood by the simple herdsmen as he said to them, "I bring you good tidings of great joy." Suddenly a host of these star-grown messengers appeared and shed a bright light over the scene. On Monday, Jan. 6, 1890, their voices, attuned to Heavenly harmonies, claimed: "Glory to God in the highest, for, because a saviour has been born to the world."

In a stable, with a manger for his rest place, lay the predestined saviour of mankind. The humble shepherds, the poorest of the earth were the first to see him. But on their way from the East, the home of wisdom and wealth, came the kings of the East.

a new star which had risen in the firmament to see him who was to be "King of the Jews." They came next and offered gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, the gifts given to kings. They worshipped the babe in the manger.

Thus the humblest and most lowly, and the wisest and most worthy, had recognized a new King. Born in poverty, living in poverty and dying in agony, the child had entered the world eighteen hundred and eighty-two years ago, now worshipped from "the rising of the sun until the going down thereof." Everywhere to-day—

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral reefs,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands—"

we find that the babe of the manger is recognized as King and Lord of the earth, and that the world is full of the glory of His birth, death, resurrection and life.

And loving words without,
Welcome the new Christmas,
And make a brotherly call,
For it should be made a season of rejoice
to all. Though no angel messengers
from their heavenly homes to shed
the effulgence on the humble and lowly, yet
an example of the men who came from "the East"
can be followed, and though no spices from the
Eastern land be offered, yet the frankincense
of the mythic religion can be given
with our gold, and the heart
cherishes the bodies of the needy of earth.

How many dormant sympathies; how many
old recollections the day brings forth. How
are carried back to the days of childhood
when the coming of Santa Claus was so eagerly
looked for, to the time of youth, when
smiling faces, the gay jest and the happy
dancing of the time are better remembered
early untroubled and untroubled

when the bright hopes, so many
alas! shattered, were brighter on this day
any other. Happy, happy Christmas
brings us back to the delusions and illusions
of childhood and youth. Let us welcome it
for that, for that, and for remembering we
were, consider that *now* there are others
who are as we were then.

"There's a song in the air: there's a star
in the sky;
There's a mother's deep prayer and a babe
in the low cry;
And the star rains its fire while the babe
cries and the mother prays."
And the manager of Bethlehem cradles a King.
Do not forget it. Let the song be universal.
The star shines for all. This is the season
kindling the fire of hospitality, the golden
flame of charity, and you and each and every
one who reads this can help to kindle the
fire and ignite the flames. There are objects
and persons in the world who are in need
of the fire of charity.

are men like those poor shepherds who were honored by receiving first the news of the Saviour's coming. There are women like the one who was honored by bearing the babe who was born. There are children like the babe which rests in the manger, who need your words of kind cheer, your offering of "good, frankincense and myrror," to lighten their hearts and to lighten their burdens that they may rejoice singing—

"Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn;
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
Oh, Father, hush the East and hush the West,
The Light that shines when Hope was born."

Death of a Prominent Baltimore
BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 24.—Thomas C. E. Kelly, wealthy and influential citizen, died suddenly this morning at his residence, No. 167 St. Paul street, of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Kelly was 60 years of age.

A Boy Murderer.—The Chicago, Dec. 24.—Charles Brown and Lester Stuart, two school boys of Brunswick, a small station on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad, quarreled last night, each accusing the other of having stolen the other's coat. Brown shot Stuart. Stuart was 18 years old, in the head, killing instantly.

Bully For The Gal.—Bellefontaine, Ohio, Dec. 24.—The school boys of this town have been making a

A Wealthy Lady's Misfortune.
Last November Miss Elzavette M. Grant, daughter of the late Prof. William Grant of the Pennsylvania Medical College, and a niece of William Y. McCallister, the optician, died at her home in Philadelphia. She was a young lady, who had received a commission, in 1900, became mentally diseased through grief at the death of her sister, The Orthopedic Trust Company to take charge of the case while the young lady was hospitalized in the Pennsylvania Hospital. She was accompanied by Dr. Anna M. McCallister, Miss Grant now at Dr. Livingstone's asylum, at Washington. Attention was made to the place

charge of \$50 a week was regarded as ridiculously high. This question was left by the court to Mr. East.

♦

Edmonston & Co.

will offer special inducements to-day to the owners of the shoes and slippers, 1339 and 1341 F street.

♦

A Mistake.

"Chips" says in the *Republican* that the "Chips" was something of a Sam Cullum. "Chips" is mistaken. Sam Cullum is a Frenchman, and in no way related to Tom, who is his acquaintance when he was over to Paris minister to the penitentiary.

♦

The mental peculiarities of college youths are so apt to crop out in unexpected ways that the students are not often at the helm for all at their expense; and the Harvard professors are not infrequently at the expense of the students. "Paradoxical as it may seem," says Lord, "notwithstanding true that Thou art every day."

present, not only severest taxed the ad-
dress of his class, but furnished them with
provocation to many a hearty laugh after
debate had passed, while the incident
likely to go down into history as one of
best college jokes on record.

gentlemen can find splendid driving
place for New Year's calling at A. T. Lo-
435 seventh street northwest. This popu-
lar house also runs a full line of gentlemen's
dworwar.

The Mother has made a lap. Tho boy
the Lap, He is Looking at the Carpet. A
he gives the Mother in Her Hand? She has a
ple in Her Hand. What will she do with
Shingle? She will put it Where it will D
Most Good.—*Puck.*